



"Riders on Earth Together, Brothers in Eternal Cold"

—Archibald MacLeish

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— Winston Chin



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Cover Artwork

By
Wai Chin

Cover Photo

By
Tony Christopher



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THE WAY OVER

T. Brady '70

I WALKED DOWN the shady street, over the leaf covered sidewalk, on my way to school every day that fall. Each morning for five years I've done it the same way, my books supported by my right hand, my left hand waving to friends, my breath smelling of English Muffins and a Coke from Sparr's. As I got to that spot on the sidewalk, just before the gate to the schoolyard, the sun blinded me and warmed me just as it had a hundred and eighty days a year for five years. I hurried my steps on that long last trek from the gate to those heavy doors. I remembered quite distinctly the way I used to struggle to open them on particularly cold winter mornings in Class VI, until some kindly Senior, or at least a big kid, opened it for me. I remembered trying to catch it when someone went in before me and running so as not to be caught and crushed when it slammed shut. I smiled and laughed at that little boy that used to be myself. I jumped up the stairs, splashing in the puddles formed in the depressions made by five years of my footsteps. I opened the fire doors and whisked through, my frozen ears tingling when the warm air struck them.

My eyes squinted at the two year old new lights. I paced myself down the endless hall passing pictures I'd seen five years ago, teachers I'd had five years ago, and a friend I'd met five years ago. I slowed entering my last overheated homeroom; the dust filling my nostrils made me sneeze as it did every morning. Warming myself at the radiator and looking out the dirty window, I felt at home. A teacher popped his head through the door 'just to check' and I remembered when, in Class VI, I froze every morning from the cold and again whenever a teacher passed me in the hall. I'd feared teachers; I'd feared

marks; I'd feared Asst. Headmasters; I'd feared most of all the Headmaster. Now I was a Senior at home. I laughed at marks and saw some smart teachers do the same. I joked with teachers, talked to them seriously, and even criticized them at times, and I even managed a little smile for the Headmaster himself, on a few occasions.

For five years it's been this way, but now it's all going to change. I find myself forced to leave because I failed one test, one final summer school exam. It's really an easy test, but you come to school that morning feeling that your whole life is on the line, and it is if you've been here five years. Most of your friends from grammar school are forgotten, and the one or two that aren't just don't seem to be on a level as high as you. You've learned everything you know from the Latin School, and you know the Latin School better than anything that you've learned. You know who you like, and who you don't; who you can trust and who you can't. You've realized who's a nice guy, and who isn't, and you've found that in general no one's too bad. Each has his good side as well as his bad.

I, myself, have seen friends go to English, Tech, and private schools. Once there, they find themselves on top with no problems at all, and still they're not happy because they know they didn't make the grade. And here I am with my little pink sign-out card and a letter from my dad. The letter says "to English High" and when I look at it a lump rises in my throat and I'm not sure why. Pacing myself from room to room, I go slower than ever before, looking all around the halls, peeking through doors and windows as if I'll find, hidden away in some cubby-hole, the ten points I need to pass, but

it's too late now and I go in the room and show my teacher the card. He looks at it, frowns, and asks me why. I don't answer and he says goodbye. This act is done five times in the well lighted rooms in the outermost fringes of the building.

Now I'll speak to the last teacher I'll see in my last five minutes in the school. According to the unwritten script, as I give him my uncovered book, he'll ask me why I'm leaving and I'll tell him a lie that I found things a little too tough. Instead, he adlibs a small, understanding smile and extends his hand as a friend. He says that I won't hate it too much over there but his smile says he knows I'll always want to be back here. Then

he shakes my hand and when he says good-bye, I find that he's a graduate of English High.

Now I sneak into the office with all my papers and the dry office air makes me breathe through my mouth. The secretaries tell me that I'll have to wait and see someone higher. They point to one of those low redwood stained chairs and tell me to sit over there. Then in comes a man with a big, broad grin and I ask myself what he's smiling about. With an official flourish, he signs me out. I tell myself as I climb their stairs that I'm glad I'm out of that God damned school with its tests and marks and trends and such, and all those things that meant so much.

What Do We Do Now?

*The last boy had come home from Asia.
The last family was kissing their son.
The war was over.*

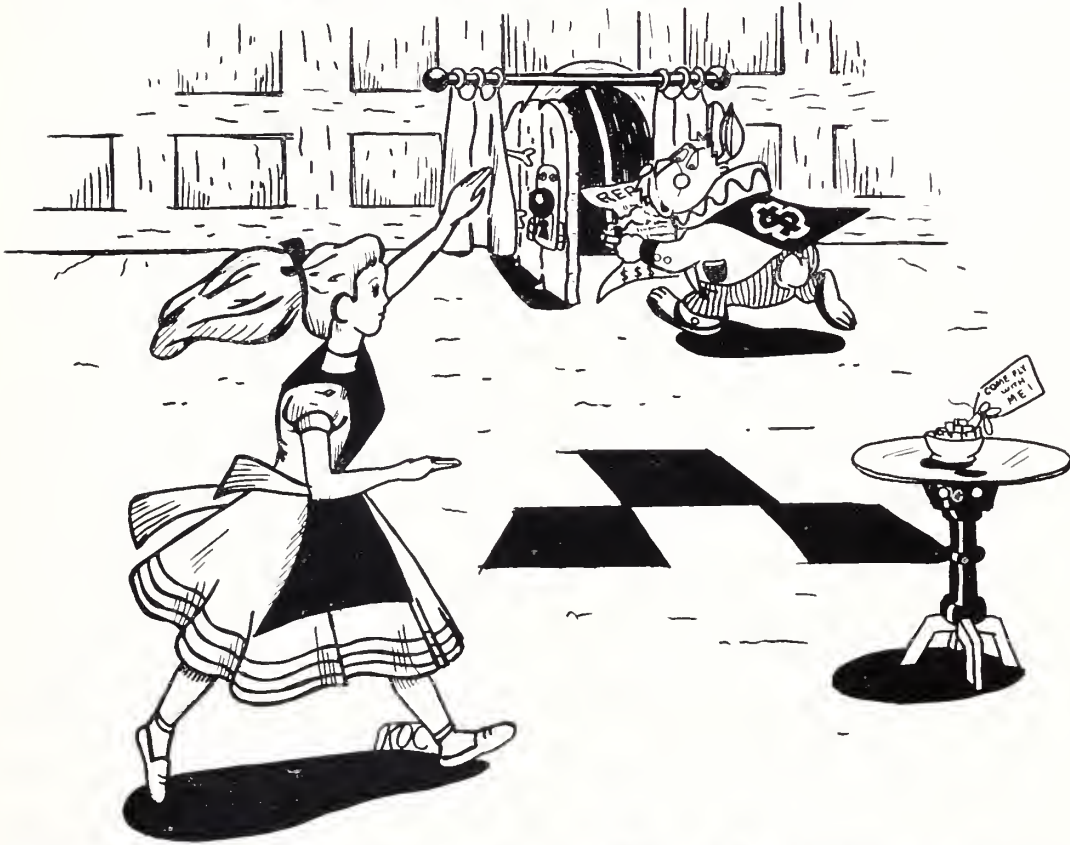
*The war is over.
The boy can be married now.
The boy can return to school now.
The boy can be at peace with himself now.
"Should I live in the city or the country?
Should I get my degree or join 'the business'?
Should I have a big family?
What do I do now?" the man asked.
He smiled and he kissed his wife.*

*The war is over.
The generals can go home now.
The factories can stop producing guns now.
The country can be at peace with the world now.
"How can we test our equipment?
How can we remain strong and secure?
How do we keep our friends in the factories?
What do we do now?" the little boys, the generals asked.*

*They smiled and read of another people
Struggling in Asia; a people that had to be helped.
And boys said goodbye again.
And the jails filled up with traitors again.
And the generals and the factories were happy again.
And the war isn't over.*

— Charley Dobrusin '70

MALICE IN WONDERLAND



OR SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE CRIMINALS

Howard Rosenbloom '72

IT WAS A very dull life just to sit on the banks of the river and watch the days pass quietly by, thought Alice. As this was going through her mind, a small white rabbit, chomping on a cigar, came running along beside her. Before Alice could speak a word, the rabbit pulled out a piece of paper from his coat pocket and after looking at the list of numbers on it exclaimed, "Got to run, got to run! If I don't get to the King before the Treasury report comes out, he'll surely take my head off!"

Being very curious, Alice followed this creature, who had hopped away, until he crawled under her house and disappeared. As soon as she managed to get under the house, Alice was jumped upon and gagged by a pair of masked caterpillars. The next thing she knew, she was

falling down a seemingly endless tunnel until she tumbled to a stop on a floor in a small room. Alice looked around in wonderment at her surroundings.

As Alice turned around she spotted the rabbit again, running toward his King by means of a small tunneled pathway. There was no use in just standing there, thought Alice, so she began to look around for some door or way out.

She came across a little bowl with sugar cubes in it and a sign near it reading, "Come fly with me." Having heard this slogan before, Alice took part of one of these cubes, and soon she was indeed flying. Unfortunately for Alice, she got nowhere in her flight. Thinking that she would be imprisoned in this room forever, poor Alice began to cry uncontrollably. The only reason for which she stopped

was the approach of a mouse with a stocking covering his head.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" asked a startled Alice.

"I should really be asking that of you; but first I'll answer you. I'm a mouse by name, and a robber by profession. And I'll tell you what I'm doing here—I live here. Now, what about yourself?"

"I'm Alice and frankly I don't know what I am doing here. Oh, I wish Dodo were with me; he could get me out of this place."

"And who is Dodo?" inquired the mouse.

"Dodo is my pet police dog . . ."

At that the mouse started to race off, but stopped after many of Alice's cries to come back. "Please tell me about yourself and this place . . . whatever you call it."

"I've been living here in Wonderland for only a few years so my tale is a short one:

i was very
nice, until
i develop-
ed a vice,
when i was
poor and i
needed mo-
ney more; i
had to steal, to get a
meal; but once when i
tried to
get money
for cloth-
es, i beat
up a lady
with a ho-
se; i did
not mean
to hurt
her, but
i'm up
for a
murd-
er;
po-
or
me
."

"It's certainly short and to the point," commented Alice. But before she could turn around, the mouse scurried off in fright. Alice looked around and saw before her a huge white cat.

"Wonderland Police . . . can I help you?" spoke the cat very calmly. The white feline then opened his mouth and as he smiled his badge appeared on his teeth.

"Tell me how I can get out of here," demanded Alice.

"Just follow this path past the prison and the King's palace and you should be all right. But remember—keep off that yellow-brick road. We've had to lock up some of the-er-things we've found there. Dancing scarecrows, talking tin cans—that sort. I've got to go now. Have to catch that robber—a real rat, you know." With that the cat disappeared.

Alice started to walk along the path which the cat had pointed out. Maybe there was a way out, she reassured herself. She continued on until she came to the prison. Alice cautiously stepped inside.

The prisoners—all three of them—were sitting at a large table, having some tea. Alice looked at them: a little man with a huge top hat which covered most of his head, a hare who seemed to be talking on endlessly, and a dormouse sleeping with his head in a cup of tea. The man with the large hat was first to speak.

"I can tell that you're wondering why we three are in this place. That should be easy for me to tell you. The Dormouse, over here, fell asleep while he was trying to take one of the King's croquet balls. Just lifted the ball and fell asleep, that's right. If he can stay awake for more than a minute, maybe he'll realize where he is. And the March Hare? Never stops talking! He drove so many people crazy that they had to lock him up. Sometimes I wish I could fall asleep like the Dormouse so I wouldn't have to hear him. And of course myself, the Hatter. I really don't know why I'm here. Some people said I was mad so I guess I took their word for it. Actually all I do here is drink tea and talk through the day. A very peculiar place, here, I must admit."

"A very peculiar place . . ." repeated Alice in a low tone as she walked away from the prison.

Alice strolled on through a huge and beautiful garden. When she had come to the end of the bushes, she saw in the distance the white rabbit who was running up a path which led to a gigantic castle. Alice hurried on, following where

the rabbit had gone until she came to the building's doorway. In the distance she heard a bellowing voice command, "Off with his head!"

It was then that Alice realized that she did not want to be seen in this place. But when a man's head rolled onto her feet, the little girl screamed. It was then that Alice was seen.

Presently the white rabbit approached her, followed by a procession of one-armed bandits and roulette wheels. "The King of Aces," proclaimed the rabbit as all made way for a short man, dressed in an expensive grey suit.

"Your Majesty," began Alice, "I'm very sorry and I didn't mean to disturb anyone, for I'm just passing through and . . ."

"Excellent. You will make a fine replacement for that poor soul," said the King pointing to the bodiless head lying in front of them. "It was very unfortunate for him. He **would** have to win. Well anyway, come and join our friendly game of poker."

Alice was led to a small square table where she was seated next to the King on one side and his son, the Prince, on the other. The game began as the rabbit dealt five cards to each of the players. Alice looked at her cards: a three of diamonds, a five of clubs, six of spades, a joker, and an old maid card. As she laid down her cards, the one-armed bandits rang out with laughter. The next to show his five was the Prince. He put down four kings and a deuce.

"Off with his head!" shouted the King.

After a moment's pause the executioner reported to the King, "Begging your pardon, your Majesty, the guillotine is not working anymore. Seems like the last one really had a hard head."

"We'll have to find some compensation, then," reasoned the King. A click was heard, followed by the sound of something flying through the air.

"Ouch," suggested a knife.

"Sorry about that," added the King.

"Thump," replied the Prince's body as it hit the floor.

Aghast, Alice exclaimed, "What do you have in your hand, your Majesty?" At this point the King laid down five aces on the table, much to the delight of the palace following.

"That's . . . that's not fair!" interjected Alice.

"Just part of my wicket sense of humor," explained the King.

"You filthy, rotten cheater, you . . . !" cried Alice.

"Whoops," retorted the trap door under the girl's chair.

"Aiye," added Alice.

"Splash," suggested the well below.

* * *

That evening Alice's body was pulled out of the river which ran by her house. The police said that she must have rolled into the water while sleeping. The only pieces of information on shore were the tracks of some small animal and a cigar butt. "Accidental death" reported the newspaper the next day.

The Light(s)

*From this hill, I watch the lights of the city,
And their pleasant glow draws me.
Almost alive, they seem joined,
With a common purpose (giving peace through their unison.)
But now, I gaze singly at the light whose post I lean against,
And it's so alone, just a filament in a bulb,
With no relevance except to itself.
The unison is gone and my peace a subtle farce.*

(We're no different.)

— Ross Anderson '70

"Variations on a Theme" **— A trilogy of Ideas —**

vision

*. . . and they broke his glasses.
Threw them on the ground, until he shattered.
And stamped on him until he was but pieces of
shattered glass.*

*But mother bought him a new pair,
with shiny lens and colored frames.
And he wore them but sill could not see:
he was walking down the wrong street.*

stubborn little boy

*but, "Christ!" he screamed and ran off
as he was always known to do . . .
whenever the problem too great,
or the weight too heavy. For,
he was weak.*

*But not so weak: for he made up his mind,
now and then,
and when he did, he meant it.
And so he did this time.*

*I never want to see you again . . . but he'd be back.
I hate you, I do . . . but it was love.
This time he thought he meant it . . .
he would not go back, no, not again.
Not after this, no. This time . . . she's gone TOO FAR!
And the struggle was over, and he had convinced himself he was
right,*

*and he found himself walking in the direction
of her house . . . again.*

*Let's try again.
Failed so many times,
but it's worth it.*

*Let's try again.
Cried so many times,
but deserved it.*

*Let's ask the reason why
The best ones are so high;
always wanted to fly . . .*

let's try.

— Steven Gluzband '71

The Phoenix

I

*Sitting in his room
alone.*

Alone,

*Except for car keys and razor blades
Shining in an ashtray,*

Sitting—

*Listening
To the euphoric hiss
Of a radiator.*

Slowly,

*Focusing his eyes
On the street lights below
Emitting a glow
Of soft, shimmery yellow light
Which cuts through the night
Of desolate darkness.
Rising steam, before him,
Coats the window
With a layer of moisture,
Condensing to form
Beads of water,
Slowly streaming together,
And gradually inching down the glass,
Cleaving it of soot
That distorts the images
Of a beyond world.*



II

*Approaching dawn
Summons him*

From the chair

*Where he has become
As limp and as motionless
As a lizard in the sun.*

Approaching dawn

*Streaking
The first light of the morn
Through the clear stripes
On the smudged window.*

*He stirs in his seat
And from the ashtray
Selects
A razor blade.*

III

*Climbing into the tub
He escapes his Mount Caucasus
While his body throbs
A sentience of heat.
Quickly he fumbles
For the razor blade,
Submerges his arm under the water,
And with one masterstroke,
Slices his wrist.*

*The blood trickled from his body,
Then painlessly gushed out,
At first just clouding the water
Then uniting with it
And becoming an integral part
Of the philter.
Looking up, he saw the room
Overcast by a grey mist
And through the haze
He felt a beckoning,
And he followed.*

— Peter F. Kadzis '71

THE MAGICIAN AND THE SALESMAN

Thomas Burns '70



"**H**URRY! HURRY!" Billy squealed, "It's just down the street! Hurry!"

"Okay! Take it easy. It won't go away!" Billy's father answered. He let the excited little boy drag him along until they reached the magic shop. Once they stepped through the door, Billy vanished into the crowd of kids around the magic counter.

Billy pushed his way through the group to the front where he could see the magician doing his sorcery. He had seen this wizard many times before, making eggs disappear and then show up behind someone's ear, but today he was more amazed than ever. These feats made Jack, the magician, an awe-inspiring hero to Billy, a real miracle worker. Billy could never understand how the older kids and the adults could watch Jack and chuckle, point and wink knowingly at each other. Billy and the other little boys were the only ones who truly appreciated Jack's powers, never making a noise, just staring in open-mouthed amazement.

Jack had just finished his card tricks. Billy didn't care much for these slight of hand tricks. He liked the REAL magic. Jack was now pouring some milk into a rolled-up Newspaper cone. He dripped a little on the counter as he put the pitcher down, then held the cone in the air above the boys. Very quickly, Jack crumpled the paper and threw it at them! No milk! Not even a little wetness on the paper Billy had fought the other kids for! He put the paper away after folding it carefully. He wanted to keep it forever.

A little red haired kid was looking at three silver rings Jack had given to him.

The kid couldn't find anything unusual about them and handed them back to Jack. The magician held them up in both hands and said, "Watch carefully."

He flipped two up into the air. There was a click in the air and when the rings came down they were intertwined! one more throw and the three rings formed a chain. Billy gasped! How could Jack do things like that? He was a great magician, a wizard!

Time flew by as Jack went through his paces. Billy's father motioned to the door but Billy was glued to the spot. He told his father to wait until Jack finished. His dad just smiled and gave up trying to get Billy out.

Just then a big kid went up to Jack and pointed to the silver rings. Jack nodded, picked up a white box and led the big kid toward the rear of the building. The crowd broke up, the little boys were all buzzing about Jack and his magic. But Billy slipped from among the others and followed Jack and the big kid by hiding behind the counter.

Jack opened the door to the magic room and led the boy in. He usually, carefully closed the door behind him, but today he left it slightly ajar. Billy couldn't resist peeking into the magician's very own room. Who knows what fantastic things might be hidden in there?

Billy crept up to the door when no one was watching and slipped inside. He hid behind a large crate and looked around.

All around him were dusty shelves with boxes of all colors and shapes. Decks of cards and the jokes displayed outside were arranged throughout the room.

There was a lot of stuff here but nothing Billy expected to see in the magician's lair.

Jack and the big kid were over in a corner beneath a bare lightbulb. Jack took the silver rings out of the box, gave a slip of paper to the kid, and performed his magic with the rings.

When Jack finished the kid nodded his head and took the rings. Then the kid did the magic as well as Jack had done! When he finished he idly clicked a hidden hinge in the rings and laughed with Jack.

Billy was stunned. The rings were only a cheap trick. The magic was gone. Gone forever.

Jack, the salesman, took the kid out into the main store. He rang up a sale on the cash register and walked back to magic counter. Once again the little boys crowded to the counter, all of them except Billy.

He watched a couple of tricks but they had lost everything to him. When the salesman got to the ring trick, Billy went to find his father.

They left the store and walked up the street. At the corner Billy pulled a folded piece of newspaper out of his pocket. He looked at it, shook his head and dropped it into the gutter. He turned and never looked back.

To Hold

*Time had begun,
Man had arisen,
And the stream trickled.
It showered
And the stream flowed faster
And the world played in its waters.
But it rained still more
And the weathermen warned all the blood hungry people,
"If this rain does not stop,
This stream will grow larger,
And then as a river
Will flood all the earth
And man will have drowned in his hatred."
But the people didn't hear those weathermen speaking
And the rains came down hard and heavy,
And the stream was a river
And the river rushed on,
Pounding and crashing
At the dikes that the weathermen helped to hold up.
The levees endured but the world began fearing,
"What can we do to stop it from raining?"
With that moment's reflection
They went back to their sinning
And the rains poured down,
And part of the river flowed o'er in a freshet,
And many men were killed in its wake.
But the rains went on
And the freshets continued,
And the people paid them no heed.*

Back

The Flood

*And now in this age of buttons and missiles,
The dikes are weaker than ever before.
And if a movement can't start this world towards salvation
And shore up the dikes with 'esprit de corps',
If the people don't have a goal to believe in
And sinning goes on as it did before,
The levees will burst,
And the river will flood,
And the world will end.*

— Bill McGlynn '70

THE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF THE EGGY FU YUNG

Thomas Goff '70

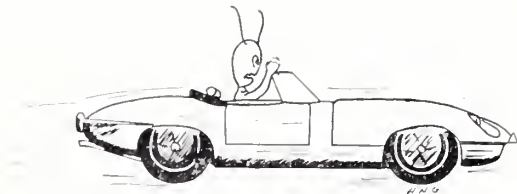
GENERAL DOLITTLE'S Chinese house-boy carried the tray of hot egg rolls into the high-level, top priority conference room. As he entered he saw, seated at a long mahogany table, some of the greatest military minds in the United States discussing a pressing matter of national defense. It seemed that the cave people of Slob Lowbovia were in a nasty mood towards the U.S. (Who isn't?). Awed by the gravity of the situation, the servant placed the tray in front of General Sitwell, and silently walked out of the room.

The generals got started on the egg rolls, when, from under the pile of greasy dough, leaped that arch-villain of the orient . . . Mousey Tung!!!

In his hand, the moldy mouse held a blaster-ray gun, made in Japan. The power mad rodent gathered in all the tippity-top secret papers in the room. Then, standing at the center of the table, he shouted, "We, the people of Inner-Outer Mongolia, will take over the world from all you slaves. We are the master race. (Isn't everybody?) You will feel our power in twenty-four hours!"

Then General Plushbottom fainted, and as he fell he sat on the alarm button which was mounted on the floor. Bells rang, buzzers buzzed, and secretaries screamed. The Pentagon personnel raced to their emergency stations. Among them was . . . Louie the Termite!!!

By the time our dauntless hero reached the conference room, Mousey Tung had already gone that-a-way. Racing after his foe, Louie followed him to the parkinglot and saw Mousey Tung pull out in his super souped-up Toyota. Wasting no time, Louie hopped into his cool Jaguar GTX and wheeled out after him.



Mousey drove straight for the waterfront. There, at the navy yard, he captured a Navy dredging dinghy, the U.S.S.

Pablo, which was guarded by a draft dodger armed with a squirt-gun. Having broken through this tight ring of security, the reeking rodent rowed away from the dock just as Louie arrived at the wharf. The mighty good guy was puzzled by the rat's move. Where could the crumby mouse be going?

And then he saw the reason. From the mouth of the Potomac River was sailing a fleet of Chinese junk. They were firing at the ships moored in the area as they drew nearer to the captured ship, Pablo. Louie saw that to stop Mousey Tung, he would have to fight off the attacking junk. Running up to the 50,000 ton destroyer, the U.S.S. Motley, he spoke to the captain, Melvin Haird, and asked him to return fire at the enemy.

"What?", cried Haird. "We might sink one of them. Think of what that would do to our good neighbor policies. Furthermore, we might assert ourselves as a nation which can't be pushed around."

Louie turned and pleaded with the Motley crew, but they remained steadfast to that old Navy tradition. "Who? Me?",

"Bull-Feathers!", shouted Louie. He took his surf board from his Jaguar and started carving up water towards Mousey Tung.

Our intrepid do-gooder reached the insipid junk that had picked up Mousey. He boarded the ship and called out to his fellow termites who had been hiding in the rotten, wooden hulls of the smelly armada, and the fight was on. It was the greatest naval battle in history and the first in a long time. It was touch-and-go, neck and neck for a while, but the handful of red-blooded, American type termites defeated the almost overwhelming Commie rats.

Louie recovered the stolen papers as well as General Sitwell's autographed picture of Fu Manchu, and turned the captured junk over to the South Vietnamese for use as war materiel. Mousey Tung, however, still in the U.S.S. Pablo, escaped from two battleships armed with pop-guns, and fled the divine justice of the United States.

Louie ducked out of an interview with Hinkley and Blinkley and returned to the

Pentagon. When he got back, he found that the Chiefs-of-Staff had finished the egg rolls, and none were left for him. He was relieved to hear, however, that General Plushbottom had escaped injury except for a bruise on his unmentionable where he had landed on the alarm button. The general was receiving a Purple Heart for his wounds and the Congres-

sional Medal of Honor for his extreme courage. He was also getting a civilian job as an executive for a company which made M-16's.

And thus, the national security is once again reenforced and preserved by that legendary termite and super-patriot . . . LOUIS THE TERMITE!

7th Avenue

*A taxicab stops for a fare at the corner
And drives away into the lights of the night
Of the rain slickened city.
"Where have I gone wrong?" I thought
As a busy man stopped and broke into a smile.
He shook his head and gave me a quarter and disappeared
Into the subway train.
I walked away in the pouring rain
And went home to Seventh Avenue.*

*There are whistles and screechings and horns
In the darkness but these noises are nothing.
And silence is safety to fearful hearts.
The relative calm of the tunnels; the cries of the
Paperboy selling the word for a dime.
And away you fly to another time!
To stories of romance and perfect crime
To crises and plotting of leaders who
Strengthen your meaningless pantomime.
Just away from the daily, monotonous rhyme
Of Seventh Avenue.*

*But words aren't enough — I need more to be satisfied.
I follow the flash of a light that permeates the night.
Red, gold, green, blue, red, gold
Like a finger beckoning "Come".
Circling around and around in the darkness
Like a finger beckoning "Come".
It is my hope of something more comforting and
More consequential than Seventh Avenue.*

*A taxicab stops at the corner and drives away
Into the lights of the night of the rain-slickened city.
"Where have I been, what have I seen?" I ask
As the dark hurts and then comforts my crying eyes.
A forgotten woman of a forgotten time weeps
In a doorway. I smile and shake my head
And give her my quarter. She disappears
Into the subway train.
I had no place to go but the pouring rain
And home to Seventh Avenue.*

— Charley Dobrusin '70

TALES OF IRONY

Neal M. Stevens '74

Captain's Oath

SO SIMPLE, as all truly great crimes are. The first mate had merely called the captain from the studying room, where he worked for many hours at a time, and told him that he wanted to show him something. Through a precisely worked schedule he made sure that no one saw him lead the captain down to the engine room. There, he led him onto a three foot walk over the entanglement of machinery. He told the captain to look down and as he did the first mate merely pushed him in. The huge, grinding gears took care of the rest. They ground him to pulp. No one would ever hear from the captain again.

Of course, as in all crimes, he had a motive. He had spent ten years getting to the honorable post of first mate aboard one of the greatest ships that ever sailed the seas. Then, for eight years, he awaited the feeble captain's death, but **he** would not die. Finally, he took matters into his own hands. Since the captain was gone, according to regulations, he was now captain, captain of the greatest ship in the world.

After the deed, he sneaked carefully up to the deck. He leaned against the rail, pondering his newly found power. He laughed softly to himself. "Foolish old captain! He just wouldn't let go of the ship, until someone gave him a little push." He snickered at the rather dubious pun.

Suddenly, there was a tremendous explosion. The ship rocked. He rushed down to the engine room. There was a gaping hole in the floor. Water gushed into the room so fast that he and the others had to abandon the room as the flood followed them.

As they reached the deck, he grabbed a man by the shoulder and turned him around.

"What happened?"

"I don't know. Something must have jammed the gears. They overheated and exploded. It's bad too, sir. We're going to have to abandon ship. Quickly, get the captain and get to the lifeboats!"

Judgement

Murphy sat in his dark cell awaiting judgement. He knew his own innocence but the tremendous mass of opposing evidence made the verdict obvious. He wondered what the punishment for his crime was. As he thought Murphy remembered something he had read. Up to 30 years ago traffic violations merited death. HIS crime was certainly more serious than that. Through history this country had been known for its violent punishments. He thought of Poe. What atrocities could they inflict? Murphy was in a country hostile to his own; he was there illegally, and it was during wartime. The time of judgement was near. There was only one hope; escape. He examined the metal bars across the window and began tugging at one, harder and harder still.



The judgement was in, the punishment decided. Jacobsen decided to wait a few minutes. That was all that was needed. Soon, he would go to the cell.

Murphy was panicking. It wouldn't be long. He had to get out. Only minutes left. He grappled with the steadfast bar in utter desperation but it was no use. Sweat poured from him. Terror clutched his heart. He began hammering at the bars with his fist. What was that? Footsteps! The judgement was coming! He pulled with all his might. He heard the key in the lock.

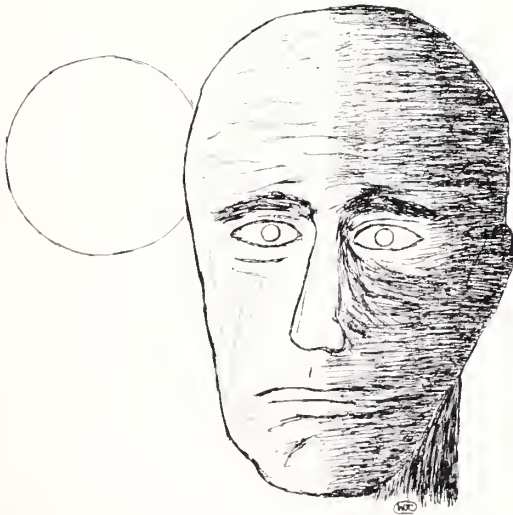
Jacobsen walked to the door and, inserting the key, opened it. As he did, an earth-shattering scream broke the air.

"Nooooooooooooo!"

He gazed in upon the half human form clutching the wall and screaming. He closed the door and returned to the JUDGEMENT ROOM. He had to make out a report, now that the sentence had been carried out.

No Cause for Fear

There are many things which cause the average man to shiver in fear. 99% of this fear is totally unfounded . . . I am sitting here alone on a stormy night. The nearest person is 30 miles away. Anybody else would be frightened but I'm not. I realize that there is nothing to fear. The sense of loneliness doesn't bother me. Less than a foot away from me, there is contact with anyone in the United States. It is in the form of a telephone.



To prove to you how unfounded fear is, I shall describe all that I see and hear. For instance: in the window directly in front of me, I see a bunch of leaves that closely resemble a face but which obviously is not. The leaves have already blown away. I also hear shuffling outside that could be mistaken for someone moving against the storm. It is probably just a broken branch scraping against the

ground. I now hear the front door creak open. The average person would think that someone was entering the house. I know that this isn't true so I won't take the time to investigate. I left the door open slightly when I came in from the storm and the wind probably blew it the rest of the way. Now I hear something which would drive the average person insane with fear. Footsteps! It's really just a branch knocking against the side of the house. The door behind me now opens, but I refuse to turn my head because I know that I will simply see an empty doorway. There will be no man in a dark cloak preparing to pounce upon me. I refuse to be frightened over absolutely noth . . .

The Mission

The flying saucer had been lying in the ditch for nearly an hour before Logan worked up the courage to approach it. The thing had come whizzing out of the sky, crashed into a mountain top and plummeted to the valley below. Although it wasn't damaged, he doubted if anything could have stood such a buffeting. Still, he waited almost an hour to see if anything would come out. When nothing did, he was satisfied that there was no life within. Motivated by curiosity and an indefinable desire, he approached the ship.

He was now at the gaping door of the craft and he peered in cautiously. Seeing no movement other than the quivering of a rather questionable light source, he mustered up his courage and entered. The control panel was alien to any known on earth. The levers and dials were made to fit the hand of something other than a man.

There was only one incongruity. In the center of the room was a chair made of plastic; just an ordinary chair. He went over to it and studied it carefully. He sat in it and it seemed to fit him quite well.

He was about to get up when several metal bands sprang from the structure of the chair and fastened Logan to it. The entrance to the craft slid closed. Another door on the far side of the ship opened and a mass of tentacled slime slid out and approached the control deck.

The space ship rose, its mission completed.

Right of Way

It wasn't until 2124 that child programming became perfected and wide spread. Within ten years it was difficult to find a single organization that didn't have in its employ at least one child under ten. Because of this method (which allowed children to be taught from birth) for the first time in history children seven years and older could command starships as efficiently as a man of thirty. However, in the race to make all members of the race function, one thing was overlooked.

It was just outside the crab nebula that John Peter's ship met with another heading in the opposite direction. After several minutes, when it appeared that neither ship was about to budge, John Peter's slight voice gave an order.

"Switch on sub space band 23." There was a click, "Ship Hermes, please veer. We have right of way."

Another child's voice came back. "Ship Jupiter, you are mistaken. We have right of way."

"Rule 72.5w: ships heading toward the galactic core have right of way."

"Rule 72.5w: ships heading toward the galactic rim have right of way."

"If you do not move immediately we shall be forced to take action."

"And if YOU don't move immediately WE shall be forced to take action."

Suddenly, John Peter's hand reached out and pressed a small button. A thin blue light sprung from the Jupiter and touched the Hermes. There was a great green flash. When it dimmed the Hermes was nothing but a twisted hulk.

"Take her slow for a thousand miles and bring her up to five."

The child left the bridge and made his way to the observation room. He gazed out at the cracked and broken wreck. Then he stuck his tongue out.

"Nyaaaaa! That'll show you!"

Unglued

*He became detached from his senses,
and to the world he was dead,
He lost the capacity for love,
and shunned his wife's bed.*

*He was apathetic toward God,
for the church he cared not.
His life had taken on all the importance,
of a very small dot.*

*He wandered amid the automatons,
clawing for the top of the heap;
He just stood there smiling,
as if he were asleep.*

*And before the ambulance could come to save him,
he had jumped and hurriedly said goodbye!
He was glad he'd been given the chance
to just die.*

The Scarecrow

*He stands there suddenly,
stooping over his crop.
If one were to judge hastily,
you might think he's at a stop.*

*But no, he moves
in his special sort of way;
There are even times
when you might see him sway.*

*But the field's not the only place
where such a fellow can be found;
He could be anywhere,
devoid of life, direction, or sound.*

*But if I were to judge
as to who does the most good;
Between the man who moved,
and the man who just stood,
I don't think I could answer,
or even, if I should.*

— Stephen McMahon '70

The Puppet of Futility

*An old, ragged man,
Sprawled on a bench,
Sleeping away his aimless day,
In a world of yesterday!*

*The fruits of his life gone sour,
He can only waste today,*
(To exist is an ordeal.)
And fear tomorrow.
(To live is impossible.)

*From bottle to bottle,
Life is but a distorted play.
And he the puppet,
Trapped!*

All is lost:
For nothing has meaning,
(Is he any less human than we?)
And living is hopeless.
(Are we not too the puppets of futility?)

— Ross Anderson '70

Dying Always Dying

*A grave yard of stagnant growth goes slowly by.
The train crawls through this inertial waste land,
Debris and endless decay everywhere;
It is dying, always dying.*

*An ugly shack, slumped on a hillside,
Like a diseased parasite on a garbage heap,
Or a crooked weathered tombstone on a forgotten grave:
Its world is dying, always dying.*

*The skeleton of an oak, once proud
Stands naked in this land of death.
Its life was purposeless,
In a world that's dying, always dying.*

*My world is different,
So full of life!
Or perhaps, just perhaps,
My world too is dying, always dying.*

I LIVE IN A relatively old part of Dorchester, one of the areas that are covered with those brown and cream three family houses with the two car garages and the dirty halls. The landlord always lives on the first floor and he always has a dog. The tenants, who live on the floor above, always have three kids and a cat. That night I was sitting on our porch. We were living on the third floor then and there was no roof over the porch, it was cool in spite of the summer night. The rocking chair I sat in squeaked horribly and disturbed the beautiful silence so, that I moved to the high stool that my mother used once in a while as a step-ladder. There was a full moon out that night, but it was packed in a cotton lined box of clouds so thick that I could see its spooky face only when the cotton was pulled thin by the brisk winds. A bat zipped by on its curving, dipping, swirling path to wherever and from the liable-to-collapse-at-any-minute old church around the corner, the one we weren't supposed to go near when we were kids, and didn't want to any way because we all knew it was haunted.

The landlord's dog's name was Karl, but everyone called him Adolf because he had a funny spot that covered half his forehead, and whiskers that looked like a 'stache. He looked just enough like the caricatures of Hitler we used to see a few years back in the Ad. A lot of younger kids called him Adolf, too, but they didn't remember the drawings. All they knew was the Fuehrer's reputation and heinous crimes before he disappeared. Karl acted the same way. He barked a lot and he bit a lot and he chased all the other smaller dogs away from the scummy house where he lived.

It was about ten-thirty when I saw a four-legged furry form come trotting down the street. At first, I said to myself, "Here comes that monster now" but as he came into the blue, flickering light from the lamp that was, from here, on a level with me, I could make out a skinny dog, a shaggy dog, a ragged dog. It wasn't Adolf. I'd seen this before, I recalled, at Codman Square when I went to the dentist's. He was resting on that seat in the circle of stone in front of Girls' Latin, the circle we called the monkey house when we were kids. I'd barged in on his peaceful sleep and he yelped and ran as though I'd kicked him in the ribs.

"REQUIEM"

T. Brady '70

Tonight, though, he was busy. He was hunting. The skinny dog crept-trotted from trash barrel to trash barrel, hunting for his supper. Trashday was tomorrow so the cans were full and his search must have been easy. He trembled. It was chilly and damp and he must have been cold; there was no meat on his bones to keep him warm so he trembled. But I knew better. From my perch, a half a block away, I could feel the excitement in his eyes and the thrill of his free life as it flowed through his veins. He trotted closer to me now and he stopped at my pile of trash. He didn't tear into it as I'd seen him do to the Halberg's just moments before and to the Carter's before that. He didn't spread ours all over the street to be crushed by some passing car. He stood still, his ears perked, his eyes alert, his chest thrust forward like a courageous captain's as he braved a cold storm through waters unknown. He barked; he barked; he growled low in his throat but it carried way up to my high ears.

There was a response from the porch beneath me and a furry box of fire rushed to the attack. The skinny dog stood to fight and I stood to watch, but I couldn't and went in to bed.

The next morning I awoke late and ate a lazy breakfast. At about noon I opened the door to go downstairs to pick up the paper and to drive to the store to get some cigarettes. As I did, Mrs. Morris, the landlady, hurried to her door to tell me the local gossip and her problems and her sister's problems and so on and so forth as she did every morning that she could catch me before I got away.

The inside door creaked and I knew she was standing in the threshold with her hands wrung up in her terry apron.

"Good morning, Thomas," she said as I pretended not to notice her in the hope that I could sneak out without hurting her feelings.

"Hi, Mrs. Morris." I murmured now that I was trapped.

She asked how I was and I had to reciprocate, so I made the anemic response, "Fine, and you?"

There usually followed a drawn out list of ailments, physical, emotional, and imaginary, but today there was but one. Mrs. Morris simply sighed.

"Not so well, Thomas."

I felt the change in her attitude. She just didn't seem her usual self and in spite of my dislike of her usual self, I carried the conversation on.

"Really? Why not?"

I knew I shouldn't have asked that, but it was too late and her problems burst out.

"Well, last night my poor Karl was attacked by a big dog right in front of the house and he was all cut up."

I already knew what had happened but I pretended I didn't because I figured that she'd have one more thing to complain to the other neighbors about; besides I didn't know the outcome, "Really, was he hurt?"

"The vet said he had to be put to sleep. He said it would be easier that way.

We're going to have him buried at that place in Chestnut Hill."

"That's too bad, Mrs. Morris. I'm sorry to hear that. He was such a good dog, too." I lied.

She just shook her head and with a heaving sigh, she went back to finish the morning dishes wringing her hands all the way.

I walked out to my blue car and jumped in. I started the engine and looked around. The trashmen were down the street so I went slowly by so as not to hit one as I passed. They were all gathered around in a huddle of rubbishmen that I'd never seen before. My windows were rolled down so I could hear their conversation as I waited for a neighbor to back out of his driveway. They were trying to decide what to do with a certain piece of rubbish. I didn't hear what they decided, but in my dusty rear-view mirror, I saw the largest of them throw a ragged furry pile into the dragging end of the smelly truck and I saw the smallest of them dump a huge barrel of rubbish into its proper place . . . Then the impromptu funeral cortege lumbered on and I wondered what they'd do for a flower car.

Is This Success?

*This is the land
Of brainsome smarting graysome
Lostsome Winsome people
Who have missed. . . .*

*So early in the spring
And already wrong way headed
Toward the thought avoided dread
Of failure.
Going up (really down)
Toward the bottom (or the top) and
Dissatisfied all the way,
Ironically they ask in jest:*

*"Is this success?"
The answer that they never hear is "No".*

—Charley Dobrusin '70

Indecision

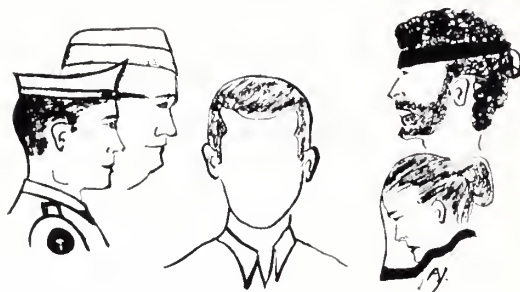
*I while ago I would have said,
"Go out and blow off all their heads!!"
But now, things are different.
Must I go out and leave them dead?*

*Yes, say the generals, all laden with brass.
Yes, say the veterans; be the first from your class.
Yes, says the authority; that's where it's at.
No, say the hippies; please pass the grass.*

*No, says the press, their typewriters clicking;
No, say the ladies, with pompous trimming;
No, say the students, breaking up the campus;
No, say the Cong, pajamas glistening.*

*Yes, say the police; stay away from Chicago.
Yes, says John Wayne: "Go, 'True Grit' Go."
Yes, say the elders; go do your duty.
Yes, say the contractors; we need the dough.*

*"Yes" "No" "Yes" "No"!
Should I or should I not go?
Indecision stymies me:
Should I or should I not . . . ?*



— James Olson '72

The Dead Angels

*They sit in the church with
Rosaries in their cold hands,
Haloes over their leadlike faces,
No sound from their empty hearts.
Voices small:
Ceilings high . . .*

— James Wenhold '70

Observations

*. . . And I saw the
Apathetic prostitute
Standing on the heavily
Crowded street corner, while the
Preoccupied executive
Hurried by bumping into an
Habitually surly oldster.
. . . And I cried that they were
Not alive.*

Only Love Ends Wars

*You claim that
Silence is closer to
Peace than poetry,
But if I brought you
Silence you would return it,
Saying, "This is not silence;
This is just another poem."*

TEN MINUTES



— James Nager

Thomas Burns '70

10:36. You have ten minutes before your next bus. The only lighted place around is the waiting room, so you head for there.

Walk in. Over on the furthest bench is a semi-conscious drunk, fat, fleshy, red-faced, dirty, with two or three days stubble on his jowls. As you walk in and glance over at him, trying not to stare or even show you notice him, he half opens both bloodshot eyes. He looks over at you, straight at you, pretending nothing. He lets out a breath which would knock you out if you were any closer. As he slumps back into his stupor, you sit over on the bench across from him, looking around, to avoid gazing at the drunk.

The waiting room is painted a dull grey, (formerly an even duller green) covered with graffiti and obscenities. The bigger the words are printed and the dirtier they are, the faster you notice them. They are all over the place; on the walls, ceiling, benches, doors, even a few scrawled onto the yellowed glass. How many kids would it take to carve out this much filth? Why would they bother? You've never seen them at work, but they must do it sometime. Some of the obscenities are printed or carved quite neatly, others boldly; some large some small. To each his own, I guess. Maybe they are artists of some kind. Who knows?

There is that stench again. The distinctive odor of a school lavatory, a subway passage, a small alley, especially noticeable in waiting rooms. Everyone knows what that smell is, few ever mention it or acknowledge it. How can anyone ignore it? It is as strong as lowtide. How can that odor get around so much? There must be another cult of never seen artists responsible for this too . . . This waiting room is not unique at all.

Two elderly ladies walk in chattering. There are always two of them, talking, not listening, just talking. You glance at them, they glance at the drunk. The drunk burps, his pants are wet. The old ladies don't see this, or the smell, or the filth spread all around them, they just prattle on. You see all this. You would never say anything about it, but you see it. Maybe they do too.

10:40. No bus yet. Another kid walks in, sits down and pulls out a smoke. He starts to read the walls, everything. Noticing the drunk he moves over nearer to the old ladies and starts listening to their conversation. He has nothing better to do, just listens and scans the walls.

A girl comes in with a radio blaring. You look her up and down. All right. She knows you have looked her over and doesn't mind at all. She parks herself next to you with that radio blowing your eardrums out. Why won't she turn that thing down? No one can be that deaf.

The old ladies jump up and head toward the doors with shocked expressions: the drunk just woke up and became talkative. You don't know what he said; you were too busy looking over the girl, but the kid with the smoke is laughing. The drunk looks over at him, smiles and winks at the kid. This makes both of them laugh even harder. This is the only real conscious communication that has taken place all night but the girl and you try not to notice it. You are curious but will not be caught looking over there and have no idea why you are acting like nothing has happened.

Now the drunk is laughing really hard. He vomits all over the floor. THIS, no one can ignore! Everyone clears out except the drunk, who is laughing harder still. No one says anything further. You

all just spread out, each one waiting for a bus.

10:46. In rolls the bus. You get on and sit in a single seat, closely followed by the smoking kid. In labors the jolly drunk, still chuckling, and slowly working his way to the rear of the bus. No one notices him. At least no one looks up. Everyone knows he is there but he is the only one who really looks anyone in the eye. You are uncomfortable but can not and will not speak to anyone. Only drunks do things like that.

As the bus pulls past the waiting room, you look in. The old ladies, the girl, and a couple of working men are in there. No one sees, hears or smells anything. Incredible! What is wrong with them? Are they really alive? Only the drunk knows; he sees everything.

Megalopolis

*Mean buildings grinning at my plight,
winking at the cars in a conspiracy,
All of them trying to crush me
in a jungle of steel and concrete . . .
The cars honk to dull my hearing,
buildings echo and intensify the din.
Now laughing, their breath stifles mine!*

I grope!

*to find the sun,
to escape,
to rid my mouth of that charcoal taste,
to breathe fresh air once more.*

*I run! feet resounding on broiling pavement,
Blocked! by an unmoving cement wall . . .*

*I turn! another, yet another springing up!
Hemmed in on all sides!
Glass, smoke, steel, soot, noise
closing in!*

closing in . . .

closing in . . .

(cough) in . . .

—Paul M. J. Suchecky '72

I

*Autumn in the world:
Colored leaves floating
On the waves of the lake.*

Fall / Leaves

II

*Departing summer
Hesitating
In the last green foliage.*



III

*The flying geese
Pointing the course
To an ebbing summer.*

IV

*The wind blows,
And a leaf falls —
Life in cycle.*

— Peter F. Kadzis '71

Retrospect: May 1969

Emptiness, frustration, nervousness, confusion

*Life was a jumble
of puzzles (work with no purpose) with
no solution,
journeys with no end.*

Stranded

*on an island of loneliness, I watched
The sun drooping steadily, leaving sad Despair,
An unwanted companion, to pass the e m p t y hours.*

*How I remember those hours spent cursing that sun,
But at the same time knowing that I was the true villain,
That wretched, self-destroying creature collapsed on the beach,
Drowning in its own water!!*

HOPE WAS GONE, THE END HAD COME.

But suddenly,

*a yellow strand appeared on the horizon,
To be joined subtly by many more, forming (spinning together)
a faint web of daydreaming daylight.*

*I stared, unbelieving, through foggy windows at the new sun,
Noticing that my Dark Companion had faded
And with the arrival of the new day would soon be gone.*

*Rising from my recent destruction,
I c-a-s-t away untrue Despair, my eyes
aided by the growing sunlight, and
Walked, silently but with purpose,
further
down
the
beach.*

THE END WAS GONE, THE BEGINNING HAD COME.

— Gerry Field '70

Cruel Fear

*I enter an old forgotten cellar,
And the decaying stench of age repulses my nostrils.
I watch streaks of pale cold light,
Seep through the dingy windows.
Slowly, and ever so cautiously,
My eyes search this barren dungeon.*

*My eyes are fixed in an icy stare
Upon the sight before them.
There, sitting up in a corner,
In its web of deadly fiber,
Sits a black and horrid spider.*

*I sneak a step closer,
And my skin begins to crawl
As I watch him, sitting patiently
Amongst the hollow shells of the victims
Snared in his deadly trap.*

*My mind is filled with hate and rage,
And with a stick I strike his sticky prison.
He falls and runs as my rage increases;
And with full force I stamp on him;
And his hairy body crackles
'Neath the weight of my foot.*

*I jerk back shaking from my deed,
And am filled with the horror of the death,
Which I imposed on my ugly foe.
It was him or me!
Or was it me against myself?*

— Ross Anderson '70

Time

*Man is born, grows up, and ages in time.
And finally dies in time.
Yet as man changes in time,
Man cannot change time.
(As time marches on.)*

The Register's Raving Reporter



Sept. 3: Today, one of Ye R.R.R.'s teachers compared him to a theory; he hardly ever works.

Sept. 4: Ye R.R.R. ran slowly and steadily in a cross-country race and of course won by a hare.

Sept. 5: Ye R.R.R. does not know how that last racey joke got by.

Sept. 15: Ye R.R.R. concludes that ornithology is for the birds.

Sept. 16: Overheard in 220:

Master: Do you know Poe's Raven?

Student: No, what's he mad about?

Sept. 17: Fivesie: Have you heard the one about the food in the cafeteria?

Sixie: No.

Fivesie: Never mind, it's in very poor taste.

Sept. 20: Ye R.R.R. finds that he keeps putting his foot in his mouth and getting the bitter taste of defeat.

Sept. 21: There has been a sudden wide-spread interest in the school orchestra lately. It seems as if everyone is curious (cello).

Sept. 24: Overheard in 321:

Student: We had our first experiment with nitroglycerine today but it was a bomb.

Sept. 25: Ye R.R.R. believes that mini-skirts should be like lectures: long enough to cover the subject, but short enough to maintain interest.

Sept. 26: Speaking of skirts, Ye R.R.R. found that older women were too vain to wear short skirts.

Sept. 29: Overheard in 032:

Senior 1: Tell me, are you still going out with the girl with the wooden knee?

Senior 2: No, I broke it off.

Sept. 30: Ye R.R.R. came down with the Vietnamese flu today; it was very hanoying.

Oct. 2: Today, Ye R.R.R. refused to buy a pornographic book because he doesn't have a pornograph.

Oct. 10: In the lunchroom, Ye R.R.R. found one cash register whose belle really rings his chimes.

Oct. 17: Number one on the cannibal's best seller list: "How To Best Serve Mankind".

Oct. 18: Overheard in Fens.

Amorous Puer: Are you free tonight?

Puella: No, not free, but reasonable.

Oct. 26: Sign on a music store:

Gone Chaupin. Back in a minuet.

Oct. 30: Today in Latin class, Ye R.R.R. was asked to conjugate a verb, but he declined.

Nov. 4: Today Ye R.R.R. realized that the game of football is just a passing fancy.

Nov. 7: Overheard in a doctor's office:

Woman: Doctor, since September my husband's been acting like a chicken!

Doctor: Good Lord, why didn't you tell me sooner.

Woman: To tell you the truth we needed the eggs.

Nov. 8: Same Office:

Man: Doctor, my brother thinks he's an elevator.

Doctor: Well, I can help him. Have him come up and see me.

Man: He can't. He doesn't stop at your floor.

Nov. 15: Elephant joke of the month.

Woman on phone: Officer there is a huge grey animal pulling up my daisies with his tail!!!

Desk Sarge: All right lady, calm down.

Woman: But you should see what he is doing with them!

Nov. 20: Inscription on a hypochondriac's tombstone:

"SEE!"

Nov. 25: Last night, Ye R.R.R. left a multiplication table outside on the lawn and the next morning found a dewy decimal system.

Nov. 28: Many moons ago the Indians of the mid west suffered a severe drought. The apple production was extremely poor that year and when one tribe brought in it's entire crop it found it only had enough for one family. They decided to have a great race

with one brave from each family entered to determine who got the apples. Five hundred braves showed up and ran for the prize. The race was so popular that it became an annual event and has survived throughout the years as "The Indian-Appless 500".

Dec. 10: Overheard in Biology Lab:

The only way to determine the sex of a chromosome is to take down its genes.

Dec. 15: Ye R.R.R. knows a stockbroker who crossed asparagus with mustard seeds so he could get some hot tips.

Dec. 17: That gave Ye R.R.R. an idea. He crossed a hyena with a parrot so that it could tell the world what it was laughing at.

Dec. 18: In another project, Ye R.R.R. crossed a turkey with a centipede so that everyone could get a drumstick.

Dec. 19: To culminate his work, Ye R.R.R. crossed a highway with a bicycle and nearly got killed.

Dec. 22: Definition

Heave-ho: What happens when one reads Ye R.R.R.'s endeavors after a full meal of Ho.



Argues perferre possum, sed non te!

— *Insegregius LXX*

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